

[PRICE \$2½ PER MONTH

## NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

THEATRE ROYAL

DEPART 10-MORROW, the 25th INST  
 AT 9 O'CLOCK P.M.  
 Freight or Passage, apply to  
 RUSSELL & Co.,  
 General Managers  
 Hongkong, 23rd June, 1887.











## EXTRACT.

## THE OLD MILL.

The old mill still goes round, I hear and see it now, with the burr of its grindstones and the clatter of its wheels; the old roof sinking beneath the weight of its thatch; its black walls sustained I know not how upon worm-eaten beams and crumbling stones. Yes, it still goes round in the midst of the meadow and its group of willows, from which escape all the murmuring and singing noises of the mill dam, the chickens and the birds, hidden in the bushes. But it does not work, it grinds no grain, and the manufactory has taken its place in the landscape which once it enlivened so beautifully and gaily. The bird and the meadow, that winter of a heavy cold, and died with a conscience burdened by a grievous sin, as you will learn from this true record.

Three years ago all Paris was talking of young Raymond de B., the hero of a very touching adventure which had given him great notoriety, as he had saved the life of the most celebrated woman in Paris. Alas! how quickly was the distance leaped between this noble and brilliant debut and the sad and vulgar episode which terminated the career of this unfortunate young man.

One day, after five or six years of a life of pleasure, light loves and feverish passions—the youth of France the charm of Paris—Raymond was seized with a longing for his mother and his home. Twenty-four hours later he sat under the willow in a certain village of the province in which he had passed his infancy, a group of black houses upon a bank of green, then a pile of yellow and crumbling stones, that had once been the feudal castle of the fathers and beside it, under the shadow of the trees, a heavy modern dwelling in which lived his beloved mother.

The first days of spring had surrounded this humble city of the province with the magnificent verdure and profusion of flowers which April spreads with such generous hand over this land of the mistral and the sun. Blossoming almond trees turned the hills into pyramids of pink and white and the valleys into sheets of lace, and there floated between earth and sky a golden dust like amber. It was good simply to exist, and Raymond, intoxicated with the sweetness of life and nature felt himself lifted by a crowd of emotions hitherto unknown to him.

Moreover, he could soon be with his mother, and she it was who had subtly infused into him the desire to quit Paris, for though she had said nothing about it as yet, it was nevertheless arranged that he should wed a marriage as it should be in all respects with Mlle. de Verrier, one of the most beautiful and lovely of girls and the playmate of his childhood. Here where his mother was so good, and the skies so blue, his heart expanded like a flower in the sun, but alas these beautiful ideas, noble projects and happy dreams were not destined to come to maturity.

One evening Raymond, while going up the steep and uneven street which led from the village to the old house under the shadow of the trees, perceived before him, charming and rosy under bonnet of white calico, a slender, alert and graceful little figure which barred his passage. Great dark eyes flashed like flame under the edge of her forehead, and the colour of the rose stole through the whiteness of her cheeks, a colour which the woman of the South preserves even unto this day. This beautiful woman was known in the village as "Tregou's Denise," but recalled herself to M. Raymond as the daughter of one of his father's former tenants. He remembered her well, and the picture she had made wandering over the hills with her flock of sheep and her love for flowers had been a passion with her, and many a time he had met her upon the cliffs of Trevaux in rage and tatters, but always wearing pinned upon the bosom of her gown a bunch of wild flowers exquisitely arranged.

"That little one of Tregou's," said the village woman, "would have made her fortune in a Parisian shop."

For several years past this charming peasant, intelligent, amiable and good, had been the wife of the miller, Etienne. Ah, what a miller he was! so coarse, so brutal, so disagreeable, to inhabit this delicious valley; and what a contrast to the tender traditions of the legendary miller of the opera comique. Etienne was taciturn, ugly and jealous; an industrious worker, but ill-tempered. Raymond alone, who had fallen into the habit of coming every evening to pass an hour at the mill, seemed to have power to soften this sullen humour. There, seated upon a straw chair, all duty with flour, he would join the miller in a bottle of home-made wine, they talked of various things, for our dainty Parisian took the greatest pleasure in mingling with the rural world, and only laughed good humouredly when inadvertently rubbed by a sack of wheat or rye. He loved the fresh odor of the newly ground grain always floating in clouds through the mill, and the miller who had once been so solid and serious, now talked of Paris, of the gaiety of the city, of the pleasures of the theatre, and the deeds he had there performed.

Raymond listened very patiently, though sometimes strongly tempted to laugh, for the miller spoke the most abominable French and remained an incorrigible provincial.

Four months had run by since Raymond left Paris, but neither the father nor the prayers of his mother had been able to make him accept the marriage that she had planned for him. He was willing enough to identify himself for a time with this rustic place which refreshed and strengthened his tired energies even to mingle in the daily life of the peasants who surrounded him; but to him it was only "a season," impossible to him to give up his career. Every one is lost in conjecture as to this mysterious event. This amiable young man was without an enemy in the world, and it is feared that he has met with a terrible accident. We beg our readers to send to this paper any information that may aid in the discovery of the truth.

"Information of him!" cried the miller, with a scowl; "information of him! Well, let them ask the gray-fab of the Housgours; they, and they alone, can tell them where he is!"—Translated from the French in S. F. Chronicle.

## VESSELS ON THE BERTH.

## STEAM TO SHANGHAI.

## THE P. &amp; O. N. Co.'s Steamship

## "MALWA."

Will leave for the above place about 24 hours after her arrival with the next English Mail.

E. L. WOODIN, Acting Superintendent.

Hongkong, 21st June, 1887.

## FOR SHANGHAI.

## THE A. I. British Bark

## "E. J. SPENCE."

Will leave for the above Port, and will have quick despatch.

For Freight, apply to GONSALEVE & Co.

Hongkong, 23rd June, 1887.

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Will leave for the above Port, and will have quick despatch.

For Freight, apply to GONSALEVE & Co.

Hongkong, 23rd June, 1887.

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LONDON VIA SUEZ CANAL	Assuta (str.)	Millican	Hongkong	Butterfield
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LONDON AND HAMBURG	Hydra	Binge	Hongkong	Carline
HAYRE AND LONDON	Narcissus	MacKintosh	Hongkong	Siemens
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LONDON	John Nephelos	Caulon	Hongkong	Pustan
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SAN FRANCISCO VIA YAMAHA	City of Peking		Hongkong	O. & O.
SAN FRANCISCO VIA YAMAHA	E. J. Spence	Gill	Hongkong	Gonsalves
SAN FRANCISCO	Great Admiral	Bowell	Hongkong	Carline
NEW YORK	Mutons	Haskell	Hongkong	Pustan
NEW YORK	Somerset	Wachsmut	Hongkong	Pustan
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NEW YORK	Pactols	Barclan	Hongkong	Siemens
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YOKOHAMA VIA NAGASAKI, &c.	Hankow (str.)	Sutton	Hongkong	Jardine
YOKOHAMA DIRECT	Bautista (str.)		Hongkong	P. & O.
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SWATOW, AMOY, & POOHOOW	Monna (str.)		Hongkong	